

A republican form of Government applies merely to the liberation of slaves: one day, the humanity and knowledge of the age will decide that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution itself are adequate to secure the natural rights of women not less than men. But let us take one step at a time: so shall we be ready for the next.

It is not only unconstitutional, it is also most dangerous to admit that Slavery is consistent with a Republican form of Government. The South claims a constitutional right to that anti-republican institution. In her own affairs, the North decides against it, and casts it away with scorn and loathing: but she forgets the sacred obligation of the Constitution—its solemn guarantees—and allows the minority of the South to have their wicked way at home. See the pernicious consequences. In each Southern State there has grown up a hateful Oligarchy, a Few-men-power; it is not an Aristocracy—the rule of the best—but a Kakistocracy—the rule of the worst—of the worst rules of conduct, if not the worst conduct. There is a privileged class, with the odious monopoly of making property of men.

The few slaveholders rule the majority in all the Southern States—they own the blacks, they overpower the poor whites. While enriching themselves, they yet impoverish the community and the State; they hinder education; they debase and demoralize the People. They control the nation. It is their creatures who hold the Federal offices, and rule the North. They invade the local rights of the Northern States—in the examples I have already given, and many more. If the North makes the law, the South appoints the judges, who can unmake it by their exposition. The Supreme Court is a judicial rover in the Southern hand—or is it, rather, only a Blueguard?

It is painful to see the increase of central power, and the decay of local self-government. Northern State rights are trod down to the dust beneath the hoof of the Federal power. Slavery is the cause of this vicious centralization. Since the Alien and Sedition laws were made, intended to gag men, I think of no advance towards despotism, except what has been made by the Slave Power to defend its peculiar institution. The guarantee of a Republican form of Government is a security against centralization of power. It is the People's command to establish local self-government in every State by the Principles of the Declaration, and for the Purposes of the Constitution.

Northern men are strangely unfaithful. They do not attack slavery itself. I think there is now no political party in the United States which declares itself hostile to slavery. It is only the incidents or the accidents of slavery which the Republican party opposes. They cry out against 'extension of slavery,' not against the existence of slavery itself. So they have measures without a Principle. Commissioner Loring, while Judge of Probate for Suffolk County, kidnapped a man, and sent him back to slavery; he put off the widows and orphans who came to his Court, thinking the sacrifice of a man was more to be desired than mercy, or even justice. The State was moved with indignation, and sought to hurl the unjust Judge from the office he disgraced. After many delays, shufflings and dodgings, the matter was brought before a Republican Governor, who removed him, but took pains to declare that he did not do this because her Loring had kidnapped a man—no official opinion of his entering into my consideration of the question, and no official act constituting an element in the judgment I have formed.

Thus the Republican party fails to satisfy the moral sense of the People, and to command the respect of the merely thoughtful, who, if they do not feel justly or love mercy, can yet see inconsistency, and despise measures which are based on no principle, and scorn the men who are false to their convictions and their opportunities. Thus in the late Presidential campaign the party nominated for its champion a man never before identified with its principles, or even devoted to its measures. Hence, fortunate for itself, it was defeated. No Political Party has yet a platform high enough to command a full view of the field, or lift its representatives up to such a moral elevation as shall draw the eyes of all good men to his Court, thinking the sacrifice of a man was more to be desired than mercy, or even justice.

It is clear what we ought to do—the North must declare 'SLAVERY NOT TO BE TOLERATED IN A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT. NO PROPERTY IN MAN. IMMEDIATE ABOLITION. NO SLAVE STATE IN THE UNION.' We shall come to that by and by, not all at once—little by little—step by step, not by a jump. *Nihil saluti, gradatim omnia*, is good Latin. Already the People look that way. What they want is a LEADER, who is not only intellectually sharp, but also morally just. Mere intellect, looking only after what is profitable for to-day, can never see Justice, God's idea of what is profitable to all men, and forever; while yet a conscientious woman will know it at once, and can give the counsel which will save a State. The nice ear, laid to the ground, hears the dry footstep of the thunder, when a great ways off; yet it never sees the Rainbow, close at hand, which yet every clear-eyed boy in the farmer's barnyard looks on with wonder, delighted at that hand-some angel who tells him the storm is over and gone! Each faculty has its function; those of cunning and conscience are not the same.

In 1787, the People of the United States tolerated slavery as a measure—all the States had it then, save Massachusetts alone, as I think—though Mr. Hale adds also New Hampshire, and I wish he may be as correct here as he is commonly right elsewhere. But the People of the United States never admitted slavery as a Principle. So, not only in the Declaration do they lay down maxims, the norm of Institutions, and in the Constitution, the norm of Statutes and Customs, do they also propose purposes utterly destructive of Property in man, but in the Constitution they would not tolerate the word Slave or Bondman, lest they should be thought to admit, as a permanent principle of Politics, what they only tolerated for the moment as a measure of necessity.

But, after the People, in their weakness or wickedness, allowed slavery as a measure, then the Southern States got possession of the Government, claimed that slavery was a Principle, a Constitutional Principle, a necessary Principle, and developed it into numerous measures hostile to the self-evident Truths our fathers fought for, and subversive of all the great Purposes for which they built the Union up. Slavery is a Principle—the special Principle of the Southern States—the distinctive Shibboleth thereof. But Freedom is also a Principle—the distinctive Principle of our Revolutionary and our Constructive Purpose. The two cannot long continue in the same Government. The People cannot go backwards to Slavery, and the despotic ruin which that abuts on; and at the same time go forward to Freedom, and the manifold welfare it leads to. America cannot have Regress and Progress at the same time.

There is one great political question before the American People—Is Slavery consistent with the Republican form of Government which the Revolution was fought to secure, and the Union established to found? Parties represent the tendencies of the People. They are experiments, guide-boards, to point this way or that. There is no political party whose finger indicates the road to that true Republican Government which shall realize the Principles and Purposes of those great documents of the People. It is only on this platform that these gravest of all matters can be now discussed; no where else are they looked fairly in the face. But still the question forces itself into the Politics of the nation, of every State, of each considerable town, into all the theological sects. The slaveholders and their vassals, North and South, loudly declare, 'Slavery is essential to the Republican form of Government.' The rest of the nation feel that Freedom is the essential of a Republic, yes,

of all continuous Progress, and of all sure Welfare; but they dare not say so yet. What towards we are!

Hence the best institutions of the North are an object of continual attack. The South (I mean the slaveholders) hate the North, hate the Republican Principles, hate the Democratic Purposes, hate the Progress, hate her Welfare, hate her best men! They seek to ruin us. Forty years ago, they made a tariff to ruin the commerce of the North; then they unmade it, to ruin our manufactures. The Senatorial executive repeals the Bounty paid to the Northern fisheries; Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, proposes to abolish all custom-houses, and collect the nation's revenue by a direct tax. I also wish the plan might succeed, and will do all in my little power to help the work. But while I would recommend this as a great Principle of Democracy, which will deprive the Federal Government of the means of corruption, the Hon. Senator from the State of Bully Brooks and Keitt designs it only as an oligarchic Measure of Revenge, meant to harm the North. That stone thrown into the air would fall back on the Southern head, and destroy half the army and navy of the nation, and crush out of sight I know not how many political office-holders.

I say the Federal Government greivates at the expense of the Northern States. Every increase of that central power enlarges the courage, the strength, and the malignant insolence of your Southern masters. Listen to Senator Hammond: the New England men are slaves; you and I are slaves; but, alas! we have no masters bound to take care of us when sick and old! Compare the last four Administrations—that of Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan; see what accelerated velocity they descend towards slavery.

What efforts have been made by the Slave Power to prevent the people of Kansas from establishing a Republican form of Government! What monstrous money has been spent to enslave Kansas! What efforts are making still! The battle between Freedom and Slavery is now waging there. The question is now before her people. Will you make a Republican form of Government, or take the Anti-Republican which the Slave Power seeks to force on you with the bayonet? The measure is of great importance, the Principle of yet more. There are two plans of action for the people there to choose between.

1. The wicked plan—to accept the Lecompton Constitution, take the bribe of English's Bill, come into the Union as a slave State; then repudiate that Constitution, and make a new one prohibiting slavery. This course will be recommended by political jobbers, land-speculators, and many men who have axes to grind; but it is wrong, it is impracticable, and liable to defeat at every step; it is not likely to succeed, and is disgraced if it proper.

2. The just plan—to vote down the Lecompton Constitution, repudiate English's Bill, organize under the new Leavenworth Constitution, and appeal to the freemen of the North. There will be no violence offered by the Federal Government. A new election of Representatives to Congress takes place next autumn. Then the Northern men who voted for Mr. English's Bill to force the Lecompton Constitution on Kansas, will go where they voted for Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska Bill were driven at the subsequent elections. The new House of Representatives will come together in December, 1859, fresh from the people. Some advantageous changes will have taken place in the Senate; Unitary New England will count twelve in a column of Freedom! Kansas will apply for admission as a free State; Mr. Buchanan, unpopular, going out of power, will not be able to scare men, coax, or even to buy them as now. The House of Representatives will accept the new State, and offer her a richer dowry than the Slave Power tries to tempt her with. The Senate will seek to settle the Kansas difficulty before the Presidential election of the next year, and so will gladly admit her. Kansas will lose nothing but a little time, and that loss will be a gain to the Anti-Slavery party of the North.

Within a few days, Minnesota has become a State; Oregon will soon come within the ring; Kansas cannot long be kept out. All these will be Anti-Slavery States. While territories, they are necessarily kept tied to the politics of the administration party; but when independent States, their individual character will straightway appear. Soon there will be a majority of Senators hostile to Slavery. I think we shall never see another slave State added to the Union, nor another slavery-President deified in the Capitol. After long waiting for 'something to turn up,' Mr. Everett, it seems, has now nominated himself for the highest American office, and put himself on the country. Guided by the 'Southern man'—a woman from the Blueguard State, who had never a husband nor even a child—this professional rhetorician has gone down to the electioneering deep to do (fishing) business in the great waters. With the cold lead of his charity sermon for dinner, and a small piece of General Washington's dead body as bait, he casts his line upon all waters, hobbles the President; but alas! I think he will toil all the night of his old age, and catch nothing, for the South has just repented the bounty on Northern fishery! Instead of the spoils of that deep, he will take only an 'and-ye' and serve but to 'point a moral and adorn a tale.' No, Mr. Chairman, I think we shall never have another slavery-President. That creature has been weighed in the balance, and found wanting; his days are numbered, and will be finished soon. No victory of the Slave Power cures to the advantage of that Power. The Mexican War, the Fugitive Slave Bill, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the English Bill, they are four jumps of the frog in the well—each time he went up a foot, but slid down three more before he leaped again! Slave-President Pierce came into power with a vast majority—he went out with more; slave-President Buchanan could not get the People's vote—he is a minority President! But what power he had last December, a majority of twenty-two in the House of Representatives! What is now? Where will he be in December, 1859?—where will he and his party be in December, 1860?

Slavery is immoral; it is also unconstitutional. It must be put down by the social action of the People—then by Local Self-government in the Southern States; then by the Federal Arm of the whole nation—peaceably if they will, forcibly if we must. The work of Abolition is moral in its substance; it is likewise political in its form. While from the stand-point of individual conscience, slavery is a Woe—what ministers call a Six—from that of American Politics, it is the denial of a Republican form of Government, a repudiation of the Principles and Purposes of the American People, solemnly set forth in both the Revolutionary and the Constructive Programme—the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. All Federal officers hold office under the Power of Authority which the People swear them on; by that, Congress has no authority to establish slavery in any territory, to protect it in any territory, or to allow it in any State; the President has none, the Supreme Court has none. Not a man in the United States is Constitutionally a slave; for the language of that Power of Authority is imperative—the People command: 'the United States SHALL guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government.'

Now, I often hear it asserted, by wise and good men, that the American people never will abolish slavery. They do not mean, I take it, the 'never' of eternity, but the never of a very long period, say a thousand, or five hundred years. Now, look at this. Within the last 340 years, three great questions have come up before the Anglo-Saxon People. 1. The first was the question of the 16th century. It was this—Shall the Pope of Rome rule the British Church, after his own sort, or shall the British People rule that Church, determine its doctrines, define its form, and control its practice? At first, it seemed as

if the British People must certainly succumb to the Roman Pope, for in his hand he had the armies, the treasure, the learning, the talent of Europe; the public opinion of the world was on his side. It took more than half a century, well-nigh a whole hundred years, to settle that great question, and then the Pope was cast out from the four seas of England: from that day to this, he has been a heretic in Britain. That was the question of the 16th century in England, and that was our fathers' meet, and answer it there.

2. In the 17th century, there came another question, equally terrible. It was this—Shall the Stuart kings control the British State, or shall it be annexed to the British People—King, Lords and Commons, with a Constitution bottomed on the People's consent? Here, too, there was an immense power opposed to the People, for the Stuarts had possession of the throne; they had the armies, the institutions, the talent, the treasure. The quarrel began in 1603, when James the First, came to the crown; it did not end until 1688, when Britain cast James the Second clear over the sea, and his family have been 'Pretenders' ever since. That strife lasted more than four score years, and it was decided in favor of progress, liberty, and the rights of man.

But to settle that question, some of the ablest and most spiritual families of England must flee from their native land, and here find a home in the wilderness. So, while this question was getting settled, the American Colonies were at the same time getting planted. They grew up under the shadow of the American forest, wherein they started with nothing but their manhood in them, and the wilderness about them.

3. In the 18th century, they had grown a great and powerful people, then esteemed some two or three millions strong. Then came the third great question—that of the 18th century, namely—Shall the American People be controlled by the British King and Parliament, or shall they make their own laws and found their own institutions, such as suit alike the instinct and consciousness of the People? Here, too, it seemed as if the power was all on one side, and only all the right on the other; for the British King had the navy and the army, he had the offices, the institutions, the church and the treasure, and of course he had the means to buy up young ambition, and control much energetic talent. That quarrel began in 1753, and it was not settled until 1783. But here, too, the same spirit prevailed, and the American People answered that question as all the three others had been settled, in favor of progress and the rights of man.

4. Now, in the 19th century, with the same race of men, there comes up this terrible question, likewise to be passed on by the same People—Shall the American Republic be a Democracy, guaranteeing to every man his 'natural, essential, inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' or shall it degenerate into a despotism, where property in man is recognized as sacred, and that despotism spreads itself until every footstep of Democracy is wiped clean out of the continent? Now, as before, the chances seem to be against us; for the Slave Power has got possession of the Government, it controls the Church likewise, it has the army and navy, it holds the mighty treasure of this continent; and it has the means to buy up young ambition, and take aspiring talent in its hand. But the Anglo-Saxon blood is still the same as it was in the 18th century, in the 17th, in the 16th, and it will decide this question as each of those others—in favor of progress and the rights of man. A nation, a great tribe of men, does not lose its historic continuity of action, unless it grows feeble either by natural or premature decay, or mingles an excess of other ethnological elements in its veins, and so corrupts its blood, and perishes. The American people has done neither the one nor the other. It is not old enough either maturely or prematurely to perish by decay, and it has not yet filtered bad blood enough into its veins to change its character. Depend upon it, we shall do as our great grandfathers did in Britain in the 16th century; and as our fathers in America did in the 18th century.

But, alas! each of these three great questions was settled by war. Yet, it seemed at first the evil might be abolished by peaceful arbitration. Surely, there were historical precedents and theological doctrines enough in the 16th century to have given the People control over their own church; in the 17th century, there was law enough to secure Britain a constitutional and limited government; and in the 18th century, our fathers had enough charters, statutes, customs on their side, and still more, enough Right to enable them to settle the question, we should suppose, peacefully, and without drawing the sword. But the party that was to be overcome, the party that must yield, in the 16th century, in the 17th, in the 18th, was the same that held the purse in its left hand, and the sword in its right hand; and when did such a party ever yield until that purse was clutched back, and that sword was taken to cleave the tyrant down from crown to groin? Never yet.

The time, I think, has passed by when the great American question of the 19th century could have been settled without bloodshed. In 1850, it was possible. It may be that in 1854, when the Kansas-Nebraska question was before Congress, there was still a chance for a peaceful settlement of the matter. But as that opportunity has been lost, I think now this terrible question must be settled, as all the preceding ones, by violence and the sword. I deplore it exceedingly. I hate war, but injustice worse than war. Had I lived in the sixteenth century, I would have cut down the Pope; and when he would not be supplanted with words, I would have persuaded him with the battle-axe. In the 17th century, I would have argued, and quoted Magna Charta customs, statutes; and when the Tyrant would not yield, I would have shown him, what Cromwell also taught, that kings, too, had a joint in their necks, and that the People could find it. In the 18th century, I would have petitioned, and remonstrated, and cast 'myself at the foot of the throne,' as our fathers did; but when spurned from that throne, I would have done as they did, cast my pewter spoons and platters into bullets, sold my last load of hay to buy a musket, beaten my ploughshare into a sword, and said 'Liberty first, ploughing afterwards.' So, in the 19th century, sad as it is, I think we must come at last to that same issue.

New England, Massachusetts—I do not know what there is in her blood, but there is in her history, that all the great ideas which have made her fortune in America, and which at the same time have also made America's fortune, they are New England ideas, Massachusetts ideas. There was something in the blood of those Puritans who planted themselves on these shores which gave their descendants a power of ideas, and a power of action, such as no people before our time has ever had. It was Massachusetts that took the initiative in the great strife of the 18th century; it is Massachusetts that has taken the initiative in the greater strife of the 19th century. Wherever the Platform of Freedom is laid down, it is New England men, Massachusetts men who stand up thereon. It may be in New York, in Washington, in Cincinnati, in Philadelphia, in California,—no matter where, it is New England blood that is there; it is New England's voice that speaks. Here, too, this great work began, here let the first decisive step be taken.

There are two things I want Massachusetts to do. A few years ago, Charles Sumner was killed at the Senate because he had sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, and was asked how he could do that. He said, 'I support the Constitution of the United States as I understand the Constitution of the United States.' They then asked him, 'would you do this thing?' 'Yes.' 'Would you do that thing?' 'Yes.' 'Would you return a fugitive slave?' I think it was Mr. Mason, or some of his coadjutors, who asked that question,—and Mr. Sumner said, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' There spoke the spirit of Massachusetts! Now, I want the State of Massachusetts to say to the Union, 'Is thy servant a dog, that she should return a fugitive slave?'

1. I want Massachusetts to pass a law, next winter, declaring that no fugitive slave shall ever be returned from her soil; but that whoever fugitive slave sets his foot here, that fugitive slave is free, and the arm of Massachusetts, which holds the sword, shall be stretched out over that man, and strike down whoever strikes at him. There is a resolution before this body which looks to that very purpose, and next autumn, there will be a petition circulated before the People of Massachusetts, asking the Legislature to do that thing. I hope every man of you will put your name to it: I know every woman will, for the conscience of woman outruns the prudence and the cunning of man, and I would follow her conscience rather than his cunning. Let us declare a Kidnapper's Court a 'Nuisance.' I say that solemnly, knowing what I say.

2. Then, I want the Legislature to instruct our Senators and request our Representatives in Congress to use all their influence to fulfill the guarantee in the 4th article of the Constitution, and secure 'a Republican form of Government to every State in the Union.' Let Massachusetts do these two things, and you will see presently the other New England States follow. New York, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Ohio, even Illinois and Indiana, will presently take the same ground; and if we go on in this way, it will not be long before slavery is abolished in this nation, and when the Declaration of Independence is read on the Fourth of July, 1876, there will not be a slave in the United States.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.
MR. PRESIDENT,—I have listened, for one, with the most hearty delight to the announcement that Mr. Parker has made of what he thinks should be the main purpose in the labor of the coming year, especially that which relates to an enactment, on the part of Massachusetts, that she ignores the existence of the Fugitive Slave Clause, and takes her neck out of the yoke, at any rate. I am exceedingly glad to have his assent and concurrence in that resolution. Although that resolution stands, I believe, for the first time, here, and a fortnight ago in New York, in the list of our principles and measures, it is some three or four years since our friend Henry C. Wright has been accustomed to urge it upon us. We have at last come up to him. I remember, at college, when our Natural Philosophy Professor used to put down a morsel of granite, or some minute atom of diamond, and then bring to bear upon it the positive and negative poles of the electric battery, that disappeared in the blaze. Now, my friend Henry C. Wright stands outside of the Constitution,—the negative pole,—and sends in upon us this message—'Let Massachusetts enact that nobody shall be tried on her soil as a fugitive slave.' Mr. Parker stands with his theory, inside of the Constitution,—he is the positive pole. They are brought together; and I expect to see that clause vanish, as the diamond did, in the shock of the concurrence between these elements that have hitherto stood apart on this measure. I expect,—yes, I say it seriously, for I believe in the triumph of ideas,—I expect, that in the shock of that natural law, the time will yet come when Massachusetts will tear it out of her records, either by force or by construction,—I do not care which. We have never yet asked any thing of the Legislature which they have not granted us nothing! In the long list of our petitions, we can write 'Granted' against every one. We cannot sit idle. You know

'Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands are the devil's tool.'

and so we turn our endeavors towards a new point. They have granted us the schools—they have granted us the railroad cars—they have granted us internarrage—they have granted us the welcome absence of Judge Loring from the Commonwealth. (Loud Applause.) And now, having nothing else to do, and looking round for employment, we have accepted one of the 'crochets' of Henry C. Wright, and mean to stereotype it into a statute. (Applause.)

Some people think it will never come. We must learn to labor and to wait. It is astonishing how many evidences there are that it is coming, and coming very fast. You can hardly turn anywhere without finding evidence that it is coming. Up in the State House last winter, Caleb Cushing was continually taunting the Legislature that they were making themselves a mere bolt to the kite of Garrisonism; and yesterday, if you had been at the meeting of the Tract Society, you would have found an eloquent merchant, making his maiden speech, and trying to get him, an Episcopalian, to the tail of the kite of Garrisonism! You cannot go anywhere but you find one man charging another with becoming the tool of the Abolitionists. It is just like the poor lunatic in the Scotch hospital, who thought he had dined off of roast beef and turkey, fruit and jelly and preserves, but said, after all, it tasted wonderfully like gruel, the whole of it. (Laughter.) So, whether you go to a meeting of the Tract Society, or to the Legislature, or to a private gathering in New York or Boston, the cry is still the same. You cannot go anywhere but somebody is charged with trying to pull the whole body into an anti-slavery agitation. Well, this is the instinctive, unconscious, unpremeditated, involuntary expression of the feeling every body has, that they are gravitating toward radical anti-slavery, and cannot keep out of it. It is a very welcome proof. Here is another.

I sometimes think I will buy an old book of fables, learn them by heart, and then come to the conclusion that I know everything; for it seems to me as if old proverbs and old stories, the concentrated wisdom of ages, left nothing to be learned. Do you remember the story, old as the grayest and brownest-papered school-book, of the farmer in the lawyer's office, and undertaking to state a case? He said that his bull had gored the lawyer's ox. 'Very well, it is very plain,' said the lawyer; 'you must pay me damages.' 'Stop,' said the farmer, 'I have made a mistake. It was your bull that gored my ox.' 'Ah,' said the other, 'that is a different matter, and I will consult the books; call again to-morrow.' It is hard to say how the rule stands. (Laughter.) Well, in 1835, the Boston *Courier* was in about the same state of mind that it is now. (Laughter and applause.)

It has not grown any. It has been bought and sold a great many times since, publicly as well as privately, but it stands just where it did. But, mark! in 1835, it was the farmer's bull that had done the mischief, and so the *Courier* defended the 'gentlemen of property and standing,' in broadcloth and broad daylight, in State street, who undertook to put down a legal meeting of certain women in behalf of the abolition of American Slavery; and it thought,—the press of Boston generally thought,—that it was an exceedingly republican, and safe, and excellent principle, that 'citizens of eminent gravity,' meeting in the vicinity of the *Atlas* office, or on the sidewalk of State Street, should undertake to settle for themselves whether legal meetings of other people were for the public benefit or not! They saw no danger in the principle; they defended it. It was not a *mob* that they saw, but a *mob* of Mayor Lyman; it was the 'gentlemen of property and standing,' it was the 'conservative element of the Commonwealth.' The boot was on that leg, you see. It has gone on the other now. Chief Justice Shaw has decided that anybody may go into a liquor shop, where rum is sold without a warrant, take out the bottles and demijohns, and break them on the curb-stone,—and this same *Cow-*

rier is very much alarmed! It is awfully dangerous, it is illegal for the people to do any thing without a warrant! It is the Chief Justice of the Commonwealth now that lays down the law, not the *Atlas* office; but still the *Courier* thinks the Judge must have been 'jocular' when he made the decision, that he could not have intended it to be taken as law; and the consequences are such as no law-abiding man can contemplate! You see, it is the other bull that has done the mischief. (Laughter.) The moderate people, the sensible people, the people with dust on their shoes, that do not tread on the pavement with the Chief Justice on their side, proceed to wear the *Atlas* meetings, but public meetings, and the lawyer has to go to consult his books to see whether damages are to be paid. 'Call again in a day or two; this is a very serious matter,' says the *Courier*. (Laughter and applause.)

Here is another—they thicken so fast. Some half dozen years ago, I was invited to deliver an address before a literary society in a neighboring city. Shortly after, I happened to be in the place, and met a man in the street, who asked me what I intended to talk about. I had some dim idea in my mind, and I tried to tell him. When I had done, he said, 'You may speak of any thing you please, for Rufus Choate came here, and gave us a defence of the Fugitive Slave Law, as a literary exercise.' I came down to Boston, and met graduates of Harvard, who had just come from the first meeting of the Alumni of that institution, met to celebrate the literary anniversary of the college, steeped in Greek and Latin, and not one of them with an idea less than two thousand years old, except a very few perhaps, deemed dangerously 'fast men,' because just waked up to the admiration of Addison, and young enough to believe Pope a poet. Rufus Choate was called on to address them, and he delivered another eulogy on the Fugitive Slave Law and Daniel Webster. Now where he has got, I don't know. A party of young men address him a letter, asking him to deliver a Fourth of July oration, in which they say—

'Although this committee acts at the appointment of an association partly political, it is proper that we should say to you that, by its express direction, we are instructed to avoid with care whatever might give to the festivities of our national holiday any color of partial character.'

'The great mass of our citizens have a hearty aversion for the localism and partisanship which have become the established features for the celebration of our "independence day," and hunger and thirst for some taste of the boundless patriotism of earlier days. It is our desire to minister to this taste, and not ourselves commit the offence we reprobate in others.'

To which Mr. Choate, having many a sin like those two on his conscience, replies—

'I appreciate very sensibly the courtesy of this notice, and with your opinions I perfectly concur. Whatever our public may choose, or of whatever they are fatigued or desirous, or whatever may be afforded to them, of one thing I am sure, that this ought to be a day for the whole of our American, not a part of it; for the country, not for faction; for the creation, and memory, and diffusion of a comprehensive national feeling, not for the advocacy of a party.'

Once ten thousand youthful orators, on the sunny Fourth of July, argued lustily that Liberty meant permission to buy and sell slaves; and Union signified the South everywhere—the North nowhere. But the boot has got on the other leg, you perceive! The channel has shifted clean over, and the thoroughly roused people have taken possession of every occasion, and every platform to thunder forth Anti-Slavery truth. Call a meeting for what you will, it turns into an Anti-Slavery Debate. The prophet now cannot curse if he will—no praise of slave-hunting will issue from his lips; spite of himself his lips break into blessings, and say, 'Down with the bill—Liberty for the bondman!' Old Concord bells ring to ring in a pro-slavery Fourth of July, and from Bangor as far west as there was a Fremont voter, the glorious old day swells and sings, roars and thunders, 'Break every yoke—Liberty first, Union afterwards!'—Hunkered in vain crying out for refuge and quarter, now at last betaking itself how wrong to use such a day for party purposes!

It is your bull, you see. 'I will look into the statutes,' says Mr. Choate. It used to be, 'Hang out your banner on the outer wall.'—We are Unitarians, Daniel Webster men, Fugitive Slave Law advocates. 'Our castle's strength can laugh a siege to scorn.' It is the white flag now! 'Gentlemen, let us not minister to party! Let us be very general—no lying allusion to individuals.' 'Don't mention the gallows in the house of a man whose brother has been hanged!' (Loud laughter and applause.) A momentous change! They cry craven. They go back to justice. They used to say, 'Let us get all we can, and let the losers talk in vain of rights.' They are the losers now, and they begin to talk of rights, and properties, and national courtesies. It is a sign that the balance has kicked the beam. It is a pregnant sign, when Rufus Choate takes refuge from Fugitive Slave Law advocacy in the 'boundless patriotism,' in the 'specious and glittering generalities' of an earlier period. Well, we do not mean they shall have any such luxury.

The fact is, every body has good principles, but nobody applies them. The only difficulty is when a man comes along, and does what he says he will,—means what he says. We are not a sincere people. Our friend, Mr. Parker, told us, after he had given us his programme for Massachusetts, that he wanted a party that would say a Republican Government meant an Anti-Slavery one. Good! Let us anchor there. If there is a man here who believes it, do not let him dare to vote for any body who does not agree with him. (Hear, hear!) Do not go to your hearthstone at home, and there profess the constitutional duty of your friend Mr. Parker, and maintain that the clause, guaranteeing a Republican Government to the States, gives the power to abolish slavery, and then vote for Henry Wilson in November, until he writes over his banner, 'I go for the power and the duty of Congress to abolish slavery in South Carolina.' That is, if you accept the theory, mate it with an act! (Applause.) Stereotype it! If there is a man who thinks the American Tract Society in New York placed itself under the shoe leather of the slaveholder, let him see to it that he never gives it the color of a red cent. (Applause.) Acts, as well as words! (Renewed applause.) Men do not trust you for your theory and principles, they trust you for your acts. The great difficulty, in a country and in a time like ours, is to be understood. You are not understood when you lay down principles; you are understood when you drag them down into daily life, and infer from them into each hour's conduct. I remember a story of one of our laborers at Portsmouth,—the woman whose voice, of all now left us, was first heard on the Anti-Slavery platform. She had had a slaveholder, a relative, attend a week's course of her lectures. Address after address he listened to, and he could coolly criticize, object, and explain. The words of the speaker played round his head, but never touched his heart. But the sixth or seventh day, in the course of conversation, he said, 'That fact you state as true,—I pledge you my honor.' 'Your honor?' said she, 'why, I know you would steal, what reliance could I place on your honor?' He put on his hat, and was not seen at a lecture afterwards. He understood her! (Applause.) He had thought she was arguing, theoretically, abstractly, on principles; that she did not come down to actual life. The great thing is to be understood. The American Tract Society will understand Dr. Cheever a great deal better, notwithstanding all his eloquent, sublime, prophetic, glorious rebukes, that might claim him kindred with Isaiah,—they will understand him infinitely better when they come up to his church door for a contribution, and find it locked. But this is an act. If a candidate for office hears you say that you think the Constitution of the United States authorizes Congress to abolish slavery, he may think well or ill of it, or think nothing of it; but suppose, when he comes to

you in November for a vote, you say, 'It depends upon whether you think Congress has the power to abolish slavery, and whether, if you think so, you mean to exercise it,—he will study the question in an hour, and come to a distinct impression next morning. I remember, some seventeen years ago, Abbot Lawrence wrote a letter to Francis Jackson, saying that he did not have any opinion upon a question which Mr. Jackson had asked in regard to a congressional power of Congress. Every man who grows rather anxious to have an opportunity to answer an anti-slavery letter inquiring what his opinions are. What we want, then, are acts following these theories. Bring them down into daily life. That doctrine in the Tract Society yesterday amounts to nothing, if the same amount of money continues to go to New York. You may argue for ever, Massachusetts may resolve for ever, her speakers may be eloquent as describe James Buchanan; but the moment you check-mate the government, by refusing to vote the appropriations, that moment the dictionary must be closed,—you have reached something better than the dictionary. All I wish to add to that excellent programme which Mr. Parker started to-day is, that the men who do vote, who undertake to carry their ideas into politics, are not to shelter themselves from our criticism or our rebuke by going into theories, Anti-Slavery theories, and covering themselves over with these theories. No! No matter what persons of the Republican party think—we care not, no matter what is the theory of the hearth-side, we want the theory avowed in its platform, the purpose declared in its methods announced to the public, and reduced to practice at the ballot-box. You may think all I am talking twenty years before the age,—and so I am. I am talking on the very edge of the age, and we are rushing toward the catastrophe, are rushing toward the consummation of this purpose that you are agitating. All we want is the courage to tell the truth. If, when Kansas has her sent, by pro-slavery representatives, as I believe she will, in the Senate of the United States, the people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts could have the vote put to them whether they would remain in the Union to uphold the version of the Constitution or repudiate it, except the commercial, you might say, the *coined* heart of the nation, there is every fair probability, would be, 'No! Come out! Anti-Slavery has done it, and far more thoroughly, than we suppose; and if not here, then at least in the far West. In the new States, where the weight of conservatism in Church and State is less marked, where the popular voice is closer and warmer to the government itself, you would find a readiness to adopt and to meet this question of separation. But, what I claim of politicians,—that they shall act on the principle that they avow. What can I for the eloquent denunciations even of that Giant at Brooklyn? He may exhaust the genius which he has inherited from the largest brain in the Orthodox doctrine of slavery, in denouncing the American Church as the pillar of slavery, and when he goes into the churches of the city of New York to build up, with both hands, a revival which is to strengthen that refuge of slaveholders, he more than makes up the balance of the previous years; for every atom of strength that is contributing to the already tottering battlements of that Church is laid on the heart of the battlements, (applause) and he knows it, or he ought to know it. In an age like ours, the eloquence of the people is little or nothing, if there be not behind it the eloquence, the louder protest of the *Lrrs*. Within the surroundings of Henry Ward Beecher, get out with a family of eldermen, his reputation for eloquence yet ununsullied, his standing as an evangelist Christ yet unattacked, if he were to sit in a church door against the American Bible, Tract and Missionary Societies, it would be like the first day of Lexington, 'heard round the world.' (Applause.) There would be no more pro-slavery refugees in the European continent, robbing themselves in anti-slavery professions, and trying to explain their crimes home on the ground that Garrison was an infidel, and Theodore Parker did not fancy John Calvin. Let us would be met with the admitted fact that the man of the American Church, the brother of Harriet B. Stow, had shut his church against the benevolent institutions of the Northern States, and that fact, that fact, that fact have giant boots, and travel forty leagues in a minute,—would joust and overthrow the world. The graphic wires would be stretched to the temple of the Brooklyn church, and the other end would be on Christian church on the continent of Europe. We need no explanations, no buts, no apologies. Do Christianity of Europe would overwhelm the making, the faltering, the enervate, the ambiguous Christianity of these thirty-two hypocritical States.

The American religion, the American Tract Society, (both sides), the resolutions of the protestants, and the resolutions of the Southerners, remind me of ways of that nonsense of Maria Edgeworth—I was into the garden, and cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie,—and gunpowder run out of the hole of her boots. (Laughter.) It means nothing; there is no cohesion in it. There stands Leonard Beane, a fair-sighted, intelligent, determined, a son of Puritans, with the *New England Review* for his organ, and Yale College for his certificate of orthodoxy; and they gagged him on the floor of the Tract Society, and about all he had opportunity to say was, to the very man who was fastening on the gag, Dr. Bethune, and call him 'this worthy Christian brother!' How much do you suppose Dr. Bethune answered for any vote, any protest of the man who solemnly pledged his Christian character, at the very moment that he was, for a so-called Christian, but really a hypocrite, was trampling him under his feet?

This Society said, eighteen years ago, that it was not a holder in the American States, in this age of enlightenment, could be a Christian. The world cried 'heretic!' That was one end of the wire. The other end of the wire, never explained, never compromised, never softened, ringing through the clear air of the world, was the Christian character of every man that holds himself on the heart of the slave,—men said, 'It is a lie! The bayonet is always harsh; but it was the words of the points of Perry and Pizarro, it was the sword of the Abenocero, Howe and Rawdon, that forced the reluctant British soldiers up Bunker Hill the first time, and carried the rampart against Prescott and Putnam. It is the bayonet of Henry C. Wright and Theodore Parker, and William Lloyd Garrison, that has forced Leonard Beane and Ward Beecher, and all the third time, against these ramparts of a pseudo Christianity, and almost carried them. (Enthusiastic applause.) Just before 1831, when the Duke of Devonshire feared that the British people meant to vote the Reform Bill by numbers over the House of Lords, he sent word down to Lancashire, to send seven or eight thousand trusty guards, to 'guard their seats!' All I have to say to the people who will vote for anti-slavery denunciation harsh is this—I hope it will

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on, but not only have they not, but have averted their eyes. There's for you! All mankind will sit up and take notice of this. I shall cease to prey upon the established social system of the American institutions. I presume to insinuate that I am naughty. Well, passing over my many notabilities, we were in, Wednesday forenoon, England Anti-Slavery Bazaar, where the good Parker delivered a length. It was an inspired thing. I admired it much. I did not think it was logically an exhibition of the Union of the Republicans for the support to guarantee the Republican form of government, but put an end to the bell. It is to be faster than pondering, and only the remainder of the day could be done, in my country, in the man-station, in the American country. Circumstances without further assistance by the Liberator, the Anti-Slavery was oratorical, and I am sure to be able to republish the next number. It has